LITERARY EXAMINER.

From the New Quarterly Review.

The Death of Poesy.

[From the German of Karl Simrock.]

Her long and tedious ailings ended,
Heaven's daughter, Poesy, expired.
The hunger pangs her sons which rended
No doubt her death to work conspired.

Now some her frame would grandly bury
In silver coffin tipped with gold;
But in creation's cemetery
No grain of ore can eye behold.

Some send for wine too high and lowly,
To guard her body from decay;
But, as by magic's art unholy,
All wine hath dried or shrunk away.

Some seek for blossom-wreaths of sorrow;
In vain: for winter round doth reign;
And never shall a spring-tide morrow
A single flow'ret wake again.

Full many a youthful pair assembles
To gaze upon the train of woe;
But age's frost within them trembles:
They reach the spot with locks of snow.

As sinks the bier to earth's deep bosom,
Dark night descends for aye to pine:
Upon a land without a blossom
The sun no longer deigns to shine.

A minstrel speaks the grave oration,
His tones are deep, his words are few,
"Henceforth be death your expectation,
And joy forever bid adieu!"

The funeral banquet now commences,
The torch-lights palely, feebly gleam;
A numbness steals both souls and senses,
And feast and feasters are a dream.

They sit, and gaze towards daylight's portals,
No smiles are born, no tears are shed;
Seek ye your grave-clothes, spectral mortals,
For though ye know't not, ye are dead!

Charles Dickens.

This popular author was born in February 1812, at Rochester, and passed his early years beneath the shadow of that fine old well-preserved, ruin, the castle, wandering on the banks of the Medway, or listening (we strongly suspect outside,) to the chaunting of the cathedral service.

His father, who was a clerk in the Chatham dockyard, retiring on a pension some years after, came to London, where his celebrated son finished the little education he ever received; he was then articled to a solicitor in Bedford Row, where he formed the acquaintance of a reporter engaged in the "Morning Chronicle." He soon grew disgusted with the drudgery of the desk's "dead wood," and exchanged it for the more exciting life of the public press. He, therefore, became one of the staff of the leading liberal journals, the paper already named.

Here, his sagacity, quickness, and above all, skill in seizing on the prominent features of a subject, made him one of their most useful attaches, and he was generally despatched to attend the most important political meetings.

In the "Chronicle" appeared those clever sketches which first made the name of "Boz" known to the world; this *soubriquet* he had given to his youngest brother, Augustus, whom he called Moses, which, corrupted into Boses, finally became "Boz," and as a remembrance of fondness for the child, he resolved to adopt it as his literary name. These sketches are too well known to need any distinct criticism: the surprising minuteness of their details, the ingenuity with which he selects peculiarities, and by humorous exaggerations carries them into the world of caricature, made him at once the favorite author of those who read only to be amused. It may be doubted whether these sketches will not be his chiefest passport to fame in future times; unable to construct a symmetrical plot, his larger works grow tedious; compelled by the very nature of his plan to publish his chapters seperately, he has confined the artistic unity of his novel to the ephemeral necessity of producing something very piquant for every number; the great effects are, therefore, frittered away in the progress of the work, and the crowning interest of the climax is divided among twenty numbers, published at stated intervals; this unfortunate dillution of an originally strong article is avoided in his first production, and the "sketches" will always remain as a record of the life of the lower classes of England.

His next work was a smart brochure, entitled "Sunday under three heads," to which he placed the assumed name of "Timothy Sparks." Here, he lays bare with unsparing hand, the hollowness of that pharisaical sect, which endeavored by legislation, to enforce the gloom of a puritanic fast on the christian's cheerful Sabbath. This work, which is not generally known, had prefixed to it an ironical dedication to the Bishop of London, who had rendered himself busy in the matter. There are many admirable sketches in this little volume, full of point, and bitter truth; such as the description of a "fashionable congregation of miserable sinners," where the levity, foppery, and millnerism of the whole assembly of "prayerful persons" are depicted with much power and sarcasm. A picture in this sketch, of a father fetching home the Sunday dinner from the baker's, with all his little ones hailing him as he comes up the street, within sight of his own door, is one of those graphic touches of low life which places Mr. Dickens far above competition in that inferior class of writing. We have a great objection to this eternal painting with *mud*, instead of *colors;* introduced into a story as a part of the whole, it is an agreeable change and gives greater effect to the pathetic and loftier portions, as the scenes where Dogberry and Verges figure in Shakespear's drama of "much ado about nothing," but when this is the entire staple, the work becomes degraded to a far lower style of art, and is not the representation of life; but only a particular phase of it; a Hamlet of grave-diggers, or a Henry the Fifth, full of Nyms and Bardolphs, would be an equivalent in the world of letters to most, if not all, of Mr. Dicken's works.

The writing of "Pickwick" was one of those accidents which now and then happen in a "literary life:" it is, however, an absurdity to believe that had not this special opportunity occurred, the author of "Oliver Twist" would have waited for circumstance to make him a popular writer; his genius would have created the circumstance had it not been offered to him without the trouble of waiting. It is, however, strictly true that Mr. Dickens was at first engaged merely to illustrate the design of Mr. Seymour, the artist, who had formed the idea of ridiculing, in a series of engravings, that class of pompous dullness which strut about society in the peacock feathers of a few facts learned by note, and which they consider and call learning; we are sometimes inclined to agree with Lamb, who, when asked by a member of the Royal Society to define learning, boldly answered, and maintained for a considerable time, that it was the systematic arrangement of ignorance—a grammer which all solemn fools quoted. Seymour thought that a club of Cockneys, travelling about geologizing, botanizing, gormondizing, and employed on other equally scientific pursuits, would be the most popular vehicle for satirising that class of "emphatic nothings" which delight in the appendage to their name of F. R. S., A. S. S. or any other mysterious signs which they think have the magic power of bestowing learning or distinction. The melancholy termination of the caricaturist's career, soon, however, gave to Mr. Dickens the paramount voice in this joint work.

The suicide of Mr. Seymour was rendered doubly distressing to him, by the fact of his dining with the novelist; the very day in which he perpetrated this terrible deed of despair.

He had left Mr. Dickens' house after a merry evening, when he had pointed out to Mr. Seymour two passages in the new number which he wished illustrated. Next morning Mr. Dickens was surprised at receiving a very early visit from one of his publishers, Mr. Chapman. His manner was so agitated that the author's first impression was that he had come to announce a suspension of payment. "Good heavens," cried Mr. Dickens, "what is the matter?" Mr. Chapman's reply terrified him—"poor Seymour has destroyed himself!" They both started for the ill-fated artist's house, where they found the melancholy report was too true; there lay the hapless son of genius dead, and the cause of the rash act was perfectly apparent to them, for looking round his studio they saw many lithographic stones with the designs scarcely commenced, but which the sanguine sketcher had represented to his publishers as being nearly completed.

Mr. Dicken's solution of the mystery is, that on his return home from dining with him, the contemplation of the heavy arrears of works he had to do, operating on a quick nervous temperament, somewhat excited by wine, produced a temporary delirium, under which influence he destroyed himself. Every reader of Pickwick knows that Mr. Browne was engaged to complete the illustrations, and he has done it with such good spirit and felicity that we venture to assert very much of Mr. Dickens' popularity is owing to the tangible shape in which the artist laces the author; in a certain sense his rapid and graphic pencil lends to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.

Mr. Dickens' next work was Nicholas Nickelby, andduring this he edited "Bentley's Magazine." Here he had a disagreement with the proprietor and retired from its management. He, however, finished, according to his agreement, the tale of Oliver Twist, which first appeared in this periodical. The dispute originated in the remuneration he received as editor. Mr. Bentley complains that he neatly doubled in less than a year the annual sum he had engaged to pay Dickens, and upon his hesitating to comply with another increased demand, he threw up the contract altogether.

The novel of Oliver Twist is certainly the finest piece of construction Mr. Dickens has given to the world, and notwithstanding the revolting picture it presents of part of human nature, there is little doubt but that its total effect has been beneficial.

We have been told by English magistrates that they had no idea of the infamous system then flourishing, until Dickens attacked it, pen in hand; and several have declared that the recollection of Oliver Twist has compelled them to give a more patient and indulgent hearing to the unfortunate orphan, who, tossed upon the world, falls into the hands of evil men, and becomes their dupe and their victim. In this work he also exposed the ignorance, brutality, and conceit of some of the paid officials of London, who are little better than an inferior kind of Jeffries, and who bow to the titled or wealthy criminal, and who exhaust their indignation and legal vengeance on the weak and destitute offender. The character of Mr. Fang in this novel was well known to be intended for Mr. Laing the notorious Bow Street magistrate; and so conscious was he of the resemblance, that it was currently rumored at the time that he wrote to "Boz" inquiring if he intended to personify him in the picture.

Report adds that Mr. Dickens' reply stated, that Mr. Laing must be the best judge how far he felt the cap fitted him. On a later occasion Mr. Dickens told us that he intended to hold up to the scorn and detestation the conduct of Alderman Sir Peter Laurie, who in the arrogance and stupidity of undeserved power declared he would "put suicide down"—as though the terrors of the law would have any effect on the phrenzied spirit, who fearing not his God, rushed unannounced into his presence. When the "Chimes" appeared, the Alderman Cute, in the book so admirably done, every one acknowledged, by acclamation, the likeness to Laurie. The astonished saddler roared out in the indignation and astonishment of the moment, "I wonder Mr. Dickens is so ungrateful as to attack me; I have always been civil to him, and didn't I, at the last Lord Mayor's ball, lead Mrs. Dickens down to dinner?"—unhappy Cute! did not the gormandising noodle see that when the wife of a man of genius condescends to honor such a man by accepting a personal attention, it is she who confers the favor, and renders him the obliged party.

The passage in the Chimes, in which the indignant author ridicules and denounces the blasphemous folly of putting human madness down, is powerfully written, and a good specimen of Mr. Dickens' best style. No man can write simpler and stronger English than the celebrated Boz, and this renders us the more annoyed at those manifold vulgarities and slipshod errors of style, which unhappily have of late years so disfigured his productions.

While we are on this point we may as well allude to the character of Dombey, the hero of Mr. Dickens' last completed monthly novel; this is well known as intended to represent a shipowner and merchant "not a hundred miles" from Leadenhall street, in whose office a relative of the novelist is clerk.

The "little wooden midshipman" of Solomon Gills; with his sextant in his untiring hand, with his one foot advanced, and his coat tails flying back, may be seen any day two or three doors down Leadenhall street, and immediately facing the office of the self-satisfied and arrogant merchant who sat for the portrait of Dombey. When the first number appeared, the likeness was readily recognised by this wealthy merchant's relatives, and he was christened Dombey on the spot; he himself was not averse to the "high distinction of being the hero of a work by so popular a writer as Mr. Dickens;" we ourselves have seen him blandly smile as the allusion has been made in his hearing; but as the work proceeded, and the heartless mercenary character of a London merchant was unfolded, his face grew tragically dismal at the slightest reference to what had formerly fed his pride! Alas! poor little human nature, how dreadful to thy ear is the truth when presented by another!—well did the Scotch exciseman show his far-sighted knowledge of the heart of man, when he wrote—

"Oh, would some gentle power gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."

But perhaps, in both cases, it would only wound self-love, and not kill the slumbering devil! We cannot help, in this place, remarking, that when Mr. Dickens commenced "Dombey," he stated to several that, in his new work, it was his intention to expose the arrogance and pride of every English merchant, with an eye to the correction of those notorious vices. It is evident to all, that he either lacked the courage or the power to achieve so great and praiseworthy an object. It has resulted in the miserable failure of grossly libeling and caricaturing one person, and thus narrowing a great public object to a private end. Had the castigator of the Yorkshire schoolmasters, the paid magistrates, the impostor architects, the dandy milliners, and the grinding usurers, possessed the nerve to teach the arrogant merchants of London that their clerks and dependents were worthy better treatment than they receive at the hands of their Egyptian taskmasters, Mr. Dickens might have secured a fame which is fast fading away under his new dispensation of writing; but this narrowing of an originally fine and broad-viewed mind, will always happen when an author deserts the manly code of his early years, and transforms himself into the companion of fashionable dandies, literary lords and heartless millionaires.

It is unnecessary to follow seriatim the progress of so well-known a writer. His works are familiar to all, and we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a few critical remarks on his remaining productions.

Few writers of modern times equal Mr. Dickens in the fidelity with which he selects some family in low life, and paints their portraits; they are complete Dutch pictures; even the tone of voice, and the look are given, and the Crummels, the Kenwigs, and the Squeer's, are daguerreotyped for posterity with an unerring accuracy.—When, however, he ventures upon the loftier and more complex phases of human nature he miserably fails, and evidences at once that want of universality which renders him, perhaps, one of the most one-sided delineators of the human family that ever enjoyed a popular reputation. His want of success in this department was once illustrated by a sarcastic writer, as reminding him of the story of the scavenger.

An old master in that, the dirtiest of sciences, was asked one day his opinion of a new and popular apprentice he had.—Scratching his head, and looking very profound, he uttered in an oracular tone of voice, that, "in a straightfor'ard piece of business, such as sweeping a crossing, he was undeniably great, but when he came to a dainty little bit, a loftier kind of fancy work, such as tittivating round a post, he showed a sad *want of genius;*" so with Dickens in low characters, he is wonderfully true, graphic and amusing; but when he comes to a little dainty piece of portraiture, such as a gentleman, or a young lady of birth, breeding, or fashion, or indeed of any heroic character, he shows a deficiency of power, both in conception and execution, which materially diminishes his chance with posterity.

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Mr. Dickens tells a story remarkably well, and being a good mimic, he often imparts to the narrative the reality and vivacity of life; the anecdote of Macready and Prichard is one of his most successful efforts: we have the more pleasure in relating this as, it shows under cover of an apparent icy reserve,

"Still glows the warmth of genial heat
In stern Macalpine's breast."

While we are on this "trail," we may as well relieve our recollection of another anecdote, illustrating the peculiarities of two men so well known as Wordsworth and the great tragedian.

Mr. Macready on his return from some engagement in Edinburg, called on Wordsworth, and was persuaded by the old bard to remain all night: they wandered about, talked of the drama, and parted, mutually pleased with each other. Shortly afterward a friend who knew Macready intimately, inquiring of Wordsworth what he thought of his visitor, received from the aged poet the following account: "I was much pleased with him indeed. He is a quiet, modest, unassuming man: without the slightest taint of conceit—in short, I gathered from what he said, about acting, that he is a bad actor, and he knows it: between ourselves he confessed as much to me." Our friend's amusement may be easily conceived at this instance of the Poet Laureate's discrimination; it is, however, a curious instance of Mr. Macready's "private theatricals."

To return, however, to the story in question, which shows the eminent actor in a very amiable point of view; the simplicity of his guest is truly ludicrous.

A gentleman, of the name of Prichard, having failed as an actor, settled down into the more useful occupation of stage manager of Drury Lane Theatre. He had the peculiarity of being an extravagant admirer of celebrity, but the chief idol of his worship was Mr. Macready. His delight was intense when he heard that the great tragedian was engaged to play a number of his favorite characters. It seemed to be an honor to hear him talk. He resolved, therefore, to show him every attention.

On Mr. Macready's first visit he was almost driven to despair by the reserved manners of the actor, who seemed a frozen man with the powers of locomotion. He, notwithstanding, paid unremitting attention to the hero of his worship: looked to the fire in his dressing-room, placed lofty wax tapers there, and by a thousand delicate services expressed his deference. After a week's perseverance he was rewarded by an inclination of his idol's head. A few days more the face ripened into a smile: then came a more rapid thawing; and one morning Mr. Macready was so touched by the deferential respect and attention of the stage-manager that he actually spoke to him, "Good morning, Mr. Prichard." Balaam was not more astounded at his donkey's speech, than Prichard at his lion's condescension—in a little time it ripened into "Good morning, Prichard!" and one morning, never to be forgotten by the obsequious Prichard, Mr. Macready said, "Prichard, you don't look well; you want a change of air! I have a little cottage at Elstree; come down on Saturday and stay till Monday." In a state of speechless rapture the admiring stage-manager accepted the invitation.—Never minutes crawled so slowly as those which intervened; at length the blissful time arrived, and in a state of joyful trepidation the highly honored man mounted the stage that was to convey him to this terrestrial seventh heaven. No monarch on his throne sat with a greater pride. He looked as though he felt all the passengers knew he was going to see Mr. Macready. His look seemed to proclaim, "Gentlemen, I am actually going on a visit to the great Mr. Macready—what do you think of that?" In due time he was deposited at the door of the cottage. Mr. Macready received him at the porch, led him to the parlor, and then told his servant to show Mr. Prichard his room. In this neat little dormitory the bewildered visitor endeavored to calm the tumultuous rapture of his mind.

After some little delicate devotion to his toilet he descended to the parlor, where he was introduced to Mrs. Macready. "My dear, this is my kind friend, Mr. Prichard, whose attention to me at the theatre I have named to you." Mrs. Macready, in her usual lady-like manner welcomed him.—Mr. Prichard flowered a little and said, "The pleasure he felt in showing his respect for so resplendant a genius as Mr. Macready was his greatest happiness and reward," &c. He was interrupted in his blushing and glowing enumeration by the tragedian's saying, "We don't dine till six, we shall have time for a stroll in the garden and paddock." Mr. Macready pointed out in his sententious way the wonders around. "That is my little paddock—there is my boy's horse—there is a small hen." Mr. Prichard put forth a word or two of rhetoric. "How blissful for a man of genius, tired with the fret and fever of the world, to retire, and in the calm seclusion," and so on. Mr. Macready nipped this fine crop of oratory by saying, "That's a cow, it supplies our family with milk." "Happy cow, (exclaimed the manager) to supply so great a man's family with milk." Prichard, in the intense adoration of the minute, wished himself a cow! As Jupiter for love of Io turned himself into a bull, so would Prichard have done the synonomous for Mr. Macready.

Behold Mr. Prichard actually seated at the same table with Mr. and Mrs. Macready! In the course of the evening the courteous host happened to say to this simple-minded manager, "Prichard, make yourself at home; ask for whatever you want; I have a warm bath in the house; one would, I am sure, do you good; if you think so, you have only to ring; tell my man;—it is prepared in a minute—now don't stand on any ceremony—it is no trouble."

Dinner passed off; Mr. Macready was condescending—the manager seemed translated; towards midnight he was led to his room by his hero, and told that he was to consider himself at home, and do as he liked. Left alone he gave himself up to a variety of pleasing reflections; lapped in this reverie, time slid on unconsciously; at last the words of Mr. Macready, "a warm bath will do you good; it gives no trouble; it is prepared in a minute," fastened upon him with a fatal fascination. "It will do me good," involuntarily exclaimed Prichard; "I feel overpowered with the sensations that have rushed through me; I will have one; Mr. Macready pressed me to take it; he will be offended if I don't; I would not wound his feelings for the world." His hand instinctively pulled the bell; like fear in Collin's Ode,

"He back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made."

The tinkling ceased; dead silence; again the bell was rung louder; no one came; Prichard gave up the idea of his bath and thanked the abortive ringing; at length, just as he was preparing to get into bed there was a rap at his door with a half sleepy "Did you ring, sir?" "I should like to have a warm bath," faintly ejaculated Prichard, half suspecting the absurdity of the request; "A warm bath, sir?" said the servant.—"Yes, Mr. Macready said I could have a warm bath." The servant vanished and went to his master's bed room door and rapped; the great actor was sleeping, no doubt dreaming of histrionic triumphs, with no Astor House in the vista.

Mrs. Macready was the first to hear this unusual sound. She listened a minute space, then touching the modern Macbeth's arm, said, "William, what is that?" a deep guttural growl was the response.

"Again the lady at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied."

"William, pray wake, I tell you I hear a noise. I thought I heard a bell ring twice before; William, pray wake, I am getting alarmed." When Mr. Macready was thoroughly awake, he sat up in bed. "Who is that?" said he. "Me, sir," said the servant. "What do you mean by disturbing us in the middle of the night?"—"Please, sir, Mr. Prichard wants a warm bath!" "A warm bath!" gasped his master, "does he know it is the dead waste and middle of the night? a warm bath, ha! ha!" continued he, "was there no pond on his road hither that he could have washed in? a warm bath, hah! hah! Rouse all the servants; let him have his bath; a bath! a bath! his kingdom for a bath!" saying this he sunk hysterically upon the pillow.

In 1836, Mr. Dickens married Miss Catharine Hogarth, and to all human appearance the union has been a happy one: they have a family of seven children, the eldest a boy of about twelve years. His two last boys he has named after Alfred Tennyson and Francis Jeffreys, a piece of vanity unworthy so shrewd an observer of human nature.

In 1843 he visited America, but this is too well known to need any reference beyond the mere fact. We may, however, say in passing, that much of the unsatisfactory nature of that visit is chargeable to the injudicious course taken by the very respectable body of gentlemen, who, totally ignorant of the peculiar temperament of the distinguished novelist, somewhat officiously, though doubtless with the best intentions, took charge of him, and, in short, placed him under a complete *surveillance*, which impeded that free observation and genial intercourse with the masses which is absolutely necessary to the formation of a just opinion of the American people.

He has since passed a year in Italy, and another in Switzerland. He is fond of a trip to Paris, but the volatile manners of that vivacious nation seem to escape him, or baffle his powers of fixing on the canvas. It may be that he is unable to depict the finer traits of more polished life, and, therefore, wisely chooses the coarser and more boldly developed features of English and American manners to paint from; be it as it may, it is only as a sketcher of low life that he will descend to future times, and in this point of view he will be valuable to the future dramatist and historian, to supply them with the manners and peculiarities of that class of mankind which constitutes the majority of the human race.

Mr. Dickens in private life is good tempered and hospitable, he has a striking face; his hair is dark and long; his eye, which is the great fact of his countenance, is hazel; he is rather under the middle size, is neatly made, and very active; his favorite time for composition is in the morning; he writes till about one or two; lunches, then takes a walk for a couple of hours, returns to dinner, and gives the evening to his own or a friend's fireside.

He is a very gay dresser—eschews collars—rejoices in a bright scarlet rolling facings to his waistcoat—is as fond of rings and gold chains as a Mosaic Jew. Indeed he dresses in a manner which, if indulged in by another, would inevitably call forth some of his genial banter. He is fond of country dances and similar amusements.—By his own fireside he is as pleasant and companionable as his warmest admirer could wish; his conversation, however, is not what might be expected from a man so justly celebrated; he tells a story well, and with ever fresh variations or humorous exaggerations. He is a strong admirer of Tennyson and Browning: we have heard him declare that he would rather have written the "Blot in the 'Scutcheon," than any work of modern times. We have heard similar high admiration expressed on the other side of the Atlantic. Taking this for what it is worth, it still shows how highly that unpopular poet is esteemed by some of the leading intellects of England and America.

Mr. Dickens lives in good style in the Regent's Park, and is reported to live "not wisely, but too well." Men of quick feeling and ardent sympathies are not expected to be Cooker's Arithmetic in the flesh, or to have the calculating mind of a London or a New York merchant.

He abominates argument; delights in walking the crowded thoroughfares of life, and noting the humors of his fellow creatures. He has a strong sympathy with all the oppressed classes, and has no toleration for the misanthrope or the cold-hearted aristocrat. He now and then administers a little gentle rebuke to affectation, in a pleasant but unmistakable manner. We remember an instance where he silenced a bilious young writer, who was inveighing against the world in a very "forcible, feeble manner;" during a pause in his philippic against the human race, Dickens said across the table, in the most self-congratulatory of tones: "I say, ———, what a lucky thing it is, you and I don't belong to it? It reminds me," continued the author of Pickwick, "of the two men, who, on a raised scaffold, were awaiting the final delicate attention of the hangman; the notice of one was aroused by observing that a bull had got into the crowd of spectators, and was busily employed in tossing one here and another there; whereupon one of the criminals said to the other, 'I say, Bill, how *lucky it is* for us that *we are up here*.'"

In general, however, his remarks are not happy. Notwithstanding this apparent theoretical sympathy with the lower classes, he pays an absurd deference to men of rank, and thinks no dinner table complete without a lord, or a very rich merchant or banker. This has been decidedly injurious to his writings; it has cramped his hand "and checked the thunder in mid volley."

A little anecdote will illustrate this "amiable weakness" better than a lengthened disquisition.

An acquaintance of his, calling one morning upon a celebrated writer, distinguished for his plain speaking, was astonished by the latter saying, in his most plaintive Scoth, in the course of conversation, "Poor Dickens, I am sorry for him; I could have better spared a better mon!" "You amaze me," replied the other, "why, I saw him last week, in good health. For God's sake tell me all about it—when did he die?"—"Die, mon!" roared the hilosopher, "I never said he was dead: I meant that it was all over with him as a great author." "What do you mean?" inquired the visiter. "Why, I mean this, he has dined with a real live lord, and it's in the newspapers! I say again, I am truly sorry for poor Dickens!"

His most intimate companions are Mr. Macready, Forster, Rogers, Landon, Harley and Talfourd; his acquaintance, however, extends throughout the whole range of the literary circles.

Notwithstanding the attention he receives from a few of the nobility, such as Earl Carlisle, Denman and Ashley, he is unpopular with the fashionable circles, and is asked as they would invite Tom Thumb, the Siamese Twins, or any other lusus naturæ, merely to increase the dramatic attractions of the evening; but the weakness of feeling flattered by the attentions of rank or wealth, is a common failing with most men, especially when they have sprung from a humble class in society, and where the mind is deficient in the highest qualities, or not fortified by great self-respect; of this latter requisite, Mr. Dickens has less than most men so widely renowned.

To sum up his capabilities in a few words: as a man, he is good-tempered, vain, fickle, which makes him at times appear to be insincere; on the other hand, it must in justice be stated that he forgets, with kindly facility, an offence; but the impression on the minds of those who have known him longest, is that he is deficient in all those striking qualities of the heart which sanctify the memory of man. As an author, we have given our opinion of him, and stated our reasons. A few years will probably modify his position as compared with such writers as Carlyle, Browning, Tennyson, Miss Barrett, Bailey, and many other of his cotemporaries. He will, however, always hold a commanding position in his own peculiar department of composition.

We must not forget to mention that, misled by his fame, Mr. Dickens tried his hand on dramatic composition, and wrote a farce, which was acted at the Lyceum. As might be expected, from his want of constructive power, it was unequivocally condemned; this settles the question as to the author of Copperfield being a writer of the first class. It is a curious fact that all the first intellects of the age have been progressive; now with the writer before us, his first two works are unmistakeably the best.

In 1846, Mr. Dickens was persuaded by some friends to become the editor of a newspaper called the "Daily News," then about to be established as a rival to the "Times," on the liberal side of politics. On January 26th, of that year, the first number appeared, but after conducting it for three or four weeks the novelist found the pursuit distasteful, and retired from its management. It was said, at the time, that his salary was one hundred pounds per week, an amount equal, we are told, to an entire year's pay to many men of talent for editing leading daily papers in New York.—*Living Authors of England.*

Love thy Maker.

Translated from the German, by M. L. MARBELLES.

Love thy Maker: let love be
Duty and delight to thee,
When the day breaks o'er the hill,
At the sunset hour so still.
Let each living creature share
Thy warm love; and be thy care,
That whate'er thine eye may see
Shall form a link 'twixt Heaven and thee.
Find thy home in every land:
Give each man a brother's hand:
And let each mourning spirit see
The lasting claim it has on thee.
Grant help where'er it may avail;
Sympathy, if help should fail:
Solace to each pining heart,
To the wavering, strength impart.
Then, my heart, thy bliss shall be
Like a stream, that, full and free,
Ere its ocean-home appears,
Many a way-worn wanderer cheers.

"WE treat sensible and present things as realities, and future and eternal things as fables; whereas the reverse should be our habit."—*Cecil.*

BY the course of his providence God will assert the liberty of his council.

THE CREDITSYSTEM.

BY MRS. SARAH HAYES.

On passing a wood-yard one day, my attention was arrested by hearing a person who was engaged in sawing, remark to a gentleman who stood beside him, 'I am sorry you are going to leave town—you are such uncommon good pay!'

This observation appeared trifling in itself, but there was a good deal in the tone; and to a reflecting mind it carried a deeper meaning than the mere words would seem to convey. 'Uncommon good pay' evidently showed that the gentleman was an exception to the general rule, and one who in his practice endeavored to conform to the principles laid down by his great Master in the Holy Scriptures—THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE. It is my purpose now to illustrate this by a short and simple story.

In a garden belonging to a handsome mansion a man might have been seen employed in digging, from early morning until the lengthened shadows gave evidence that night was approaching. The only interval of rest had been at noon, when he had gone home to his dinner. He was somewhat passed middle age, and from the manner in which he handled his spade, appeared to understand his business particularly well. Just before sundown, a gentleman entered the garden to note the progress of the work.

'Well, Simon,' said he, 'you have got along finely for these two or three days, and you have really digged it very nicely. I think I must hold on to you as a gardener.'

'I am glad it pleases you, sir; it is very hard digging, but I have taken great pains with it.'

At this moment a little girl came up, took her father's hand and said—

'Pa, tea is waiting.'

'The sun will soon be down, Simon,' cried the gentleman, as he walked off with his daughter, 'and I guess this is all I shall want you to do just now. You may call in some day and I will pay you—I have no change at present.'

As he uttered these words, the owner of the mansion entered his comfortable abode, and sat down amid his family to the luxurious meal which had been prepared for him. He did not reflect whether the poor man, who in laboring for him, had borne the burden and the heat of the day, had not equally as good to partake of; nor had he done as the lord of the vineyard we read of in the Scripture, who, when the evening was come, said unto the steward, 'Call in the laborers, and give them their hire.' In fact, accustomed as he was to the command of means, it had never occurred to him how important was the pittance a poor man earns, to his family.

True it is in many times a trifle, but let it be remembered that it is his sole dependence—his all; and that God, who has said 'The wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning'—Lev. XIX.—has not left the time of payment with ourselves.

And now we will look a little farther and note the effect of one neglect. As the sun went down, Simon proceeded homeward—his features were careworn, and he seemed wearied and depressed as he moved along. On entering his dwelling, the first words his wife accosted him with, were these—

'Well, Simon, did Mr. G. pay you? I have the kettle on, and I will run and get a loaf of bread, and a little tea, and you shall have something comfortable for supper.'

'No, he did not,' answered Simon, sighing heavily, as he seated himself on a bench. 'He is a kind hearted man—I don't believe he ever thought how bad off a poor man often is, or he would never have required me to charge him with my three days labor.'

And here we will pause to observe, that we are very much inclined to doubt whether those who from mere carelessness are guilty of such injustice, are, in reality, more culpable than those whose practice is the same, although actuated by baser motives.

'Oh, why didn't you ask him?' now inquired Simon's wife, 'and tell him how much we need it.'

'He did not offer to pay me, and I could not,' returned he moodily.

'Poor little Maggy has been fretting for something good to eat, all day,' said the mother, wiping the tears of disappointment which gathered in her eyes, with her apron; 'her fever has left her, and the doctor said she might eat nourishing food, and I could make something nice, if I only had some wheat bread.'

'Why don't you borrow some?' interrogated the husband, at the same time arising to look at his sick child, who was quietly sleeping.

'I have borrowed several times,' said his wife, 'and as we never get anything to return it, I can't go again.'

At this moment, several other children came bounding into the house, clamorous for their supper. Their mother arose, thickened the water boiling on the fire with corn meal, and this, with some skimmed milk, furnished by a neighbor, formed their evening repast. This fare, was not very substantial it is true, for one who had to toil day in and day out, as Simon had; but we dare say, the rich, who sat down to their table, groaning with every delicacy, never thought of that. His children might stand in need of comfortable clothing to protect them from the cold, and from their infancy might be inured to every privation—but what was that to his employers?—they were not his keepers, and it was mighty little they owed. 'Mighty little,' however, in a good many hands, in the aggregate would be seen to amount to considerable, and in Simon's case, the wages owing to him by his employers when they were due, would, if, properly expended, have enabled him to gather many little necessaries and comforts about his family, which they were now forced to do without.

In the present instance we would not have our readers suppose that we are painting an extreme case. And in order to prove it, we will mention one or two facts drawn from the history of every day life. 'I have neither meal nor potatoes in the house,' said a laboring man to one of his employers; 'can you give me the dollar you owe me to buy me a bushel of grain?' 'This is the very first money I have handled in nine months, and I have worked regularly almost every day,' observed one on being paid for his labor. What a history of privation—of positive suffering—was embodied in these few words. A person residing in the village of——informed us that having occasion at one time to go into the dwelling of a poor woman, who earned her living by washing, he found her with her four children seated at dinner, and the sole article of food upon her table was cabbage; and from her manner and her not making an apology, he supposed the fare was not unusual.

Cases of such destitution must be rare, but they are more numerous than many suppose, who do not take an interest in making inquiry on such subjects. Whatever may be the calling of those who are employed, their labor should be considered as a full equivalent to their wages; and as God has not constituted any man the judge of another man's circumstances, it is an imperative duty to give them, and at a proper time, what is justly their own—always mindful of the injunction we have before referred to, and which should be deeply impressed upon every mind, however unreflecting,—THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE.—*Lewistown Gazette.*

PERHAPS it is a greater energy of Divine Power, which keeps the christian from day to day, from year to year—praying, hoping, running believing—against all hinderances: which maintains him as a living martyr—than that which bears him up for an hour in sacrificing himself at the stake.

Worth of the Present.

A just view of life would lead us to recognise the present, as the only [illegible] of time with which we are [illegible] specially [illegible] called to [illegible] possible in[illegible] less to be [illegible] experience it [illegible] glories and [illegible] with whatsoever [illegible] may have, need to be [illegible] the living, inasmuch as [illegible] tions for their own life-voy[illegible] The future, too, which fore[illegible] liantly, if often delusively, [illegible] perennial and inevitable [illegible] imagination; and as a land [illegible] promise, is linked intimately [illegible] pathies and hopes. The p[illegible] have a historical and prophe[illegible] with the present, and therefore [illegible] severed from the regards and conside[illegible] of men. But the present alone is the [illegible] able field and work-shop of our actu[illegible] formances. The hour that now is, [illegible] element wherein we are ordained to [illegible] and out of it we have to unfold the [illegible] sibilities of our destination. It is [illegible] which visibly connects us with th[illegible] less contingencies of universal bein[illegible] build our fate out of the rough m[illegible] which every day hurls confusedly aro[illegible] From a rude unshapen mass of capa[illegible] it is our appointed task to rear the te[illegible] of a manifold and worthy life. [illegible] thoughtfully considered, is as earnest [illegible] awful as eternity. It is indeed eternity in the vesture of an hour—a visible revelation of the infinite continuity, disclosed to us under finite limitations; a divergent ray of duration, under an aspect of mortal circumstance. Not lightly should a man esteem this fleeting phenomenon called to-day. Under the lowest consideration, it is the out-come of all preceeding generations; and with its chequered sunshine and gloom it is ours even now to work in with faithfulness and courage. Gird well thy heart with integrity and strong endeavour, and put the stamp of an everlasting emphasis upon whatsoever duty thou canst find to do; for every act and effort of a man is charged with an abiding force whose vitality is never quenched, but visibly or imperceptibly circulates for evermore.

It is only by a constant faith in the sacredness of the present that life can be effectually ennobled. Let us understand the pre-eminent worth of the living time, and learn to solemnise our lives by large and universal alms, that shall embody the sublime suggestions which the future prefigures to our belief, in noble and commanding deeds and institutions, such as may be left without an apology or regret, to take their place hereafter among the memorials of the past. If men would take life earnestly, it would never appear mean. Could they sincerely believe themselves accountable to the universe for the fit employment of their powers, and that the whole creation is wronged by any baseness or craven fear, and that it is blest and benefited to the like extent by every stroke of rectitude, by every breath of love, they would deem their activity of some account, and regard the transient common moments as consecrated time. He who cannot with a proud reliance on its sufficiency, accept the duty which the day brings to him, and throw some grace of truthfulness over the meanest occupation he may have, will never be qualified to perform successfully any greater or more honorable work. And never [illegible] any man shall time, under any of its remoter aspects, disclose its truly grand and complete significance, unless a sense of its present significance has been in him already consciously developed. Whoever would faithfully fulfil the measure of his destiny, let him dwell in the hour that now is, in the earnest experience of every day. Here let him cherish lofty and noble thoughts, and dare to perform great and magnanimous actions. If this hour suffice him not for all the purposes of manly and earnest living, there is small likelihood that any hour will suit him better. Pospone not thy life. Stand where thou art, and work manfully towards thy ends. So shall thy life be profitable to thee; so shall it be as a stream of welcome tendency, bearing thee bravely onwards to serener satisfaction—to quiet and sufficing joys.

BROUGHAM AND HORNER.—I recollect meeting Mr. Brougham well. I met him at Mr. Sharp's with Mr. Horner. They were then aspirants for political adventures. Mr. Horner bore in his conversation and demeanor evidence of that straightforward and generous frankness which characterised him through life. You saw, or rather, you felt that you could rely upon his integrity. His mind was better fitted to reconcile discrepencies, and to discover analogies. He had fine, nay, even high talent, rather than genius. Mr. Brougham, on the contrary had an apparent restlessness, a consciousness, not of superior powers, but of superior activity, a man whose heart was placed in what should have been his head: you were never sure of him—you always doubted his sincerity. He was at that time a hanger-on upon Lord Holland, Mr. Horner being under the auspices of Lord Landsdowne. From that time I lost sight of Mr. Brougham for some time. When we next met, the subject of parliamentary debate was alluded to, prieviously to which Mr. Brougham had expressed opinions which were in unison with my own upon a matter at that time of great public interest. I said "I could never rely upon what was given for the future in the newspapers, as they had made him say directly the contrary; I was glad to be undeceived" "Oh," said Brougham, in a tone of voice half confidential and half jocular, "Oh, it was very true I said so in parliament, where there is a party, but we know better." *I said nothing; but I did not forget it.*—*S. T. Coleridge.*

Punctuality.

"METHOD, as Mrs. Moore says, is the very hinge of business: and there is no method without PUNCTUALITY. Punctuality is important; because it subserves the peace and good temper of a family; the want of it not only infringes on necessary duty, but sometimes excludes this duty. Punctuality is important as it gains time; it is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much more as a bad one. The calmness of mind which it produces, is another advantage of punctuality; a disorderly man is always in a hurry; he has no time to speak with you, because he is going elsewhere; and when he gets there, he is too late for his business, or he must hurry away to another before he can finish it. It was a wise maxim of the Duke of Newcastle—"I do one thing at a time." Punctuality gives weight to character. Such a man has made an appointment, then I know he will keep it. And this generates punctuality in you: for like other virtues it propogates itself: servants and children must be punctual, where their leader is so. Appointments, indeed, become debts: I owe you punctuality, if I have made an appointment with you, and have no right to throw away your time if I do my own.—*Cecil.*